THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1308.

Original Poetry.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ST. W. MURRAY.

My sister's grave! my sister's grave!
How fast and still it lies,
In the quiet village church-yard,
Beneath the bending skies—
Exposed to wind and tempest,
Without a tree to screw—
The sunshine and the shower
Fall on my sister's grave.

Ah! well do I remember—
Can I forget the scene?
In early Spring we made it,
Before the earth was green.
Around was silence all,
And many bitter tears we shed,
As we laid her down
Through all the months of Summer,
I've watched the hallowed spot,
And on the Sabbath evening,
Its sacredness have sought—
Not out with drops of sorrow—
For well green plants it bore,
My sweetest wives of Heaven
Were living my sister's grave.

And now the winds of Autumn,
In mournful cadence weep,
Where the quiet dead are lying,
Unconscious in their sleep.
To me it seems love-blighted
The surrowing Nature grows—
For Spring will never come on earth,
To deck my sister's grave.

The laurel one that love loathe—
The willow and the pine—
Shall like the blighted flowers
That wrap above her breast,
Through Him who came to save—
To deck my sister's grave.
Around my sister's grave.

Original Tales.

THE LOVERS;
Or, Little Fanny.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES LENNEYEA.

Heigh, ho! that is not such a fine world to live or after all, though it has dowers and sunshine sometimes. A week ago I thought it all the world I could ever desire, and now—why, now all there was a good deal of rough road to pass over before one gets to the end. And as pretty Miss Mallard! No, no! I must not think of her. She is not for me. Her only companion is a young plain tree, and her even wandering over the meadows which lay beyond the garden, with a pensive swelling in her throat, her full heart, and yesterday dropped one by one upon the grass-covered path from which she had strayed to gather the withered leaves.

And why was Lina Maitland sad? Surely the world might well suppose Mr. Maitland's home of such youth and beauty, and a pleasant home, and hosts of loving friends, parents and sisters, and—speak softly, reader—a fond and devoted, generous brother-brother, whose affection alone was sufficient to make earth a paradise. What could have saddened the heart of such a young girl as Lina? not Lina's wont to shed tears, love is a laughing happy temper, generally wearing the bright side of every picture, and if there were none there, to paint them round. Let us follow her, as now, lying on a bank of violets, she gazes through the garden gate and proceeds silently down a grove and shaded lane perhaps we shall discover some clue to the mystery. Ah! she has encountered a neighbor, a young man of some wealth and good education, and who, dressing Lina's arm with his own, says, kindly,

"Why Lina how are, dear Lina, I have been waiting, and walking up and down the lane, till I began to think you would never come; you promised to be here at sunset, and now you shall be it all the world under heaven to me. But what did you keep me waiting for? I should think he had something else to add, after my conversation with him in the garden!"

Lina blushed. How shall I tell you, Willie? he has forbidden me to see you after this evening!"

"Impossible!" said Arnold, clapping suddenly and loudly his hands together, as if in astonishment at doubting the evidence of his own senses.

"Yes, indeed," said Lina, "I am sorry for it, Willie, but it is all so! Sit down, dear, and I'll proceed to tell you all, for I am not even to little Fan, whom he gets so much, and who is however to be walled into the garden and standing still over the old lilac tree at the bottom of the walk, called me to him. I, and he put his hand upon my head, and told me to be a child for I was only playful, that you must break off all intercourse with Willie Arnold. His father is my father's enemy, and that I must not think of you as my daughter or mine shall marry one of his. You shall not! said I, and I stood like one stupified. I felt as if I could fall out to bounce the mischief that was likely to follow from such unfeeling. But they would not be moved, and I gave up at once, for I felt you plainly I never could consent to his unkindness, and then—and then—"

"Oh, no! I did know so much as I could see. I am not a child, and I am not to be deceived. I am not going to be married to Willie Arnold, and I will not be married to him! And will he dare to say perhaps I might convince you that I am not?"

"And so I will, my own Lina," cried Arnold, throwing his arm round her, and kissing again and again that head that rested in his arm, "you are always right, and I am not half worthy of your love, but my temper is sadly tried by this continued opposition. Your father refused his consent when I asked it, but I thought it only the hasty expression of the moment which would pass off, and never dreamed he would persist so far as this!"

"Ah, Willie, you fancied it would be as easy to win the father as the daughter, hey? and Lina's pretty voice chased away the air with mock, 'you are always right, and I am not half worthy of your love, but my temper is sadly tried by this continued opposition. Your father refused his consent when I asked it, but I thought it only the hasty expression of the moment which would pass off, and never dreamed he would persist so far as this!'

"And why not, Lina? Is not Willie Arnold the very best young man in the neighborhood? Is he not handsome, and has he not talents, and is he not—"

"Yes," said Arnold, thoughtfully.

"Beside—continued Lina, "you should be the last person to object to Willie, for he is not at all deficient in this respect, since, if we are ever married, I must promise obedience to you remember, and as you value your own peace, you should not counsel one to disregard it before hand."

"Well argued, Lina," said Arnold, laughing, "you are the very wife for a young lawyer. But to think of living, day after day, as near you in the next village, and only to catch a glimpse of you as you ride past, or to meet you at church, or all! To go on month after month without a kind word or look, or hope to some of these days—but I will not be such a fool, I will see you, if an army of all gentlemen opposed me. It's useless to try and persuade me to the contrary, for I am resolved, and I'm resolved to be happy, and why should I not? Lina, you know I am right, and you know I am right, and you know you love me, and you know you shall be, and you know you shall be mine, and you know you shall be mine, and you know you shall be mine

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1846.

TERMS.

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For FIFTEEN DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following persons who are in arrears for this paper.

At Jas. M. Marsh, formerly of Galena, Illinois.
Of Rufus Barnes, formerly of Bolterville, Ohio.
Of C. M. Berg, formerly of Zanz, Ohio.
Of H. H. Barstow, formerly of "Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
Of Nathan Hubbard, formerly of Rutland, Vermont.
Of J. Tucker, teacher, formerly of Frankford, Pa.
Of Benj. F. Fitzpatrick, formerly of Red Lion, Miss.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Bunch's Curiosity Satisfied, has some merit, but the interest we think is rather too local to make it generally acceptable. We will see it again.

Lines on the Death of Mrs. H. J. A. W., will meet with attention at a living season. Our friend D. is always welcome, but we think he would improve his writings by studying a concise style, and striking out all tame and useless verses. It does not do to love those children of our brain overmuch—remember the books of the Bible!

Major Bruere. We hardly know what to say about the Major. He has good points undoubtedly; but we must beg leave "to hold him uneasy" for a while longer —with thanks to our friend, he the verdict in the end, either way.

THE HOPE THAT PERISHED.

Our readers will remember the above phrase as the title of a sweet but very mournful poem, sent to us some time ago by Mrs. Pierson. We know not how it is, but ever since we read the poem, its title has lingered in the chambers of our memory, like a sweet strain which never leaves nor never be entirely forgotten. "The Hope that Perished!"—who that has grown to manhood or to womanhood, but can recall many such perished hopes, that like the shattered wrecks upon the tide, lees shown of the trees that are fled. The young soul starts out upon the great ocean of time so full of hope and faith, both in itself and in others—it is so eager and willing and determined to play a bold and manly part in life, "some triumph it will have, or else quiet death," it dreams not of failure. It feels so full of a power and energy almost divine. But soon comes the first hard struggle with the world, the first awakening to the stern realities of time—it finds that that earth is no paradise, even if it be—that nothing but hard, stern toil, often apparently without a recompense, and unmarked by any shine ray than that of God—even if it be that He who seemeth so mighty and so far off, designs to look down upon those whom even men think unworthy of their notice—yet, feels that nothing but a stern, hard toil is the one equal lot and part of all, and wonders what the golden dream of his youth was! The Hope that Perished!

The hope that perished—yes, on hundreds of once bright and beautiful morns does this memory of our existence—but as we retrace in imagination the path of our existence to the sunny fields of youth, the once numerous and blooming flowers of hope that lay on every side, they appear. One by one they have perished, melting away like beautiful vapors, and reveal-ing the rugged forms of things as they are. It is doubtful to think how common-place and prosaic the noblest among us become as they advance in life. It seems as if the reaper we draw towards the grave, the more unlifted we become for Heaven. Thereafter, perhaps, it is said, "Where the bird hoise, die young." It seems but natural that the truthful heart, so full of enthusiasm, of natural piety, of generosity, of all nobleness and purity should step at once into eternal bliss. But for the man, formed by the harsh discipline of the world into hard instructions, into meanness of various kinds, how can he find entrance into the holy habitations of angels and archangels? Oh! blessed are those that die in their youth, before the fair pages of the heart are blotted over with evil thoughts, or stained with repentant tears, those blood-drops of the soul!

But is there not another view? If there were not then truly were man of all creatures the most miserable.

"For a nerve's coarse of sorrow,
Is reserved being's lodge."

The foreseed brow of the man who has been exposed to manifold temptations, and yet has gone sweet unto the end, attains with a brighter lustre in heaven than the angelic brow of the untempted child. As there is nothing thought so honorable in the world as the term of the veteran who has served his country in a hundred battles, so is there nothing in heaven so hallowed to come to the years and wounds of that soul of man which, because it may have been called and trained in the wars of life, still, after penitential purification, perfectly casts the end. This is the recompense for days of toil and tension and nights of somnolent foreboding and fear. This—for that that there is something even nobler and more beautiful than the pure, stainless brow and heart at youth—to aspire the trembling soul with our compassion, to contrast not the dust and sweat and tears that disfigure its early beauty. What though daily some bright hope no longer flutters its gay pinions in the breeze, and we write, as we pass on, "The hope that perished" upon its grave, that of kindred or friends or others equally deceitful, "still the high soul is left," and where that is, in the grand trunk and root of which hope sprung, put on a more auspicious climate their leafy honours, as beautiful as those that have been shaken by the harsh winds to the ground. Immortal and non-expiring principles live in our mortal. Let us count it rather a glory, that our hearts are not dead to the full of heroic blood, that not all the disappointments and sorrows in the power of men or demons to inflict, can remove us from the path of the exercise of duty, that men have died mocking the power of their executioner at the rack and on the wheel, and thus even in dying conquered. Count not, therefore, the bitter lamentants as proof, mental or physical: or has the race of noble blood died out, and earth afford no more that breed of men whom has power to kill but not subdue! Away with so unworthy a thought! What man has done, another can do—bear on with a stout heart and unflinching courage, though his dearest hopes should fall with the dew-fall of a thousand world around, and be as the snow and desolate upon earth, with nought but the eternal seal, and that Hope which does not perish, to cheer and to sustain him.

WAYS AT MATAMORAS.

The Matamoras Reveille, which was suppressed recently by order of Gen. Taylor, has been allowed to resume publication. It seems that the proprietors of the Reveille had ceased their press to the editors of a Spanish paper, but not the Reveille press or types, upon condition that the articles published in the Reveille should also be translated and published in the Spanish sheet. It appears, however, that while the Mexicans kept to their bargain on this particular, they took the liberty of publishing an article of their own upon the Mexican side of the question; whereupon Gen. Taylor took possession of the whole concern. Upon proper explanation being made, however, the Reveille was allowed to continue its publication as usual.

BLANCHE OF BRANDY-WINE.

The author of the above named, Mr. George Lippard, has taken opposition to a criticism upon it published in the Post last week, and has written us to know upon the ground of what we based the criticism we did pretend to allow, except to state that it applies of course to the first number of the work, which is all that has yet appeared, and the style of which we supposed would prevail throughout the whole romance. It, however, is not so. Mr. Lippard says we may say and that we consider Blanche of Brandywine a most decided improvement upon "The Quaker City" work in which we should hesitate to notice in our columns at all—and therefore have never hoped that he may yet attain further improve le the style of his conceptions.

Mr. Lippard asks, "Is it fair to pass an opinion on a book without perusing the entire work?" We answer, that there is an obvious propriety in criticising the first number of a serial work, because then the public attention is alive to—and there is no injustice in it, because in most cases as good a judgment as to the style and moral tendencies of a book can be derived from the first one hundred and twenty-eight pages of it, as from the whole. It is not necessary to dish up the whole river in order to ascertain whether its waters are sweet or bitter.

It is our purpose, in the editing of this paper, always all things, to be fair to the author, and we have made the above explanation. One thing more and we have done. Mr. Lippard seems to be in a little uncertainty as to what we could have intended by the word "trashy." We are not aware that we ever said anything to do with the criticism in question. We will now take mind upon this point. The editor of this paper not only has no personal enmity to wards Mr. Lippard, but has no cause for having any. He has met Mr. Lippard but once, and then in the interest of the criticism of which he complains, can much shorter and somewhat different would have been written, in which we should have spoken with less freedom, knowing that perhaps our judgment might be biassed by our feelings. If there is anything which we strive to avoid, it is the indulgence of our personal dislikes under the cover that an editorial position gives us. We are not undisposed any more than other people, for a "fill" now and then, but we ask on such occasions, both for ourselves and our opponent, "a clear field and no favors."

Brother—We do not now complain. The Chou case suffers, but never sways. You have, the strong arm, aided by earnest heart, had the pride here which shapes the Great Spirit. So does the red man. The Great Spirit loves truth. When you took our country you promised us that. You have not written in the book. Twelve times have the trees dropped their leaves, yet we have received no land. Our hunters have been driven back. The white man has plough turns up the bones of our fathers. We farm not kindle our fires; and yet you said we might remain in our forests. We marched home to land.

Brother—Is this truth? But we believe now our hearts are known and confidence will swell into love. We are as mourning orphans in our country, but our father will take up the hand. When he looks in his mantle, we will stand by his side. We mean well. We know it. But we cannot think now. Grief has made children of us. When our business is settled, we shall be seen again. Then to our great father about what he has proposed.

Brother—You stand in the moccasins of a great chief; you speak with the wisdom of a child; and your talk was long. My people are small; their shadow scarcely reaches to your knee; they are scattered and gone; when I look about I find only the depth of the woods, but no answering shout comes to my ear. Brothers never meet. I have entered your lodge, and clasped him round the neck, forming a buffalo in your hand. I have seen your people die, and exclaiming all the time, in the most thrilling accents of supplication, but still with the look of a tyrant. Pocahontas, the first red mai, Mr. Marshal—she's war mad.' The marshal brought his gun to the shoulder, came to the about face and pointed that instrument at a gentleman, that he would not kill your dog for all the snapers and al-dermen in creation."

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

The following is one of the finest examples of Indian eloquence we have met with. It is found in the Memoirs of T. L. McKenny, late head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, a work published some years ago, and said to be of great interest.

Speech of Col. Cobb, Head Mingo of the Choctaws, Head of the Mississippi, in reply to the Agent of the United States.

Brother—We have heard your talk as from the lips of our father, the great white chief at Washington, and my people have called upon me to speak to you. The red man has no books and what he wishes to make known he can only utter with his mouth. You have grown large; my people have become small.

Brother—my voice is weak; you can scarcely hear me; it is not the sheet of a warrior, but the wail of an infant. I shake but as a reed under the misfortunes of my people. There are their graves, and in those aged pines you hear the ghosts of the departed. They speak to me here, and I feel no heart to protect them. Our warriors are nearly all gone to the far country west; but here are we left. Shall we go? Shall we give them the land they wishes?

Brother—Two sleeps have passed since we heard you talk, and we have thought upon it. You ask us to leave our country, and tell us it is our father's wish. We love that. Would you not love your father? We respect him, and you his child. But the Choctaw always thinks. We want time to answer.

Brother—Our land was all full. Twelve winters ago our chiefs sold our country. Every warrior that you see here was opposed to the treaty. If the dead could speak, the spirits of a thousand warriors would speak; but, alas! though they stand around, they could not be seen or heard. Their tears come in the place of their speech, their eyes are full of water, and the pale faces know it not, and our land was taken away.

Brother—We do not now complain. The Choctaw suffers, but never weeps. You have, the strong arm, aided by earnest heart, had the pride here which shapes the Great Spirit. So does the red man. The Great Spirit loves truth. When you took our country you promised us that. You have not written in the book. Twelve times have the trees dropped their leaves, yet we have received no land. Our hunters have been driven back. The white man has plough turns up the bones of our fathers. We farm not kindle our fires; and yet you said we might remain in our forests. We marched home to land.

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SUB TREASURIES.

In addition to the sub Treasury at Washington, the following Sub Treasuries are said to be established by the Bill lately passed:

New York—and a salary to the Sub Treasurer of $4,000 per annum.

Boston—with a salary to the Sub Treasurer of $3,500.

Philadelphia—The Treasurer of the Mint to be Sub Treasurer, and to receive $600 in addition to his present salary.

Charleston—with a salary to the Sub Treasurer of $3,500 per annum.

New Orleans—with a salary to the Sub Treasurer of $3,500 per annum.

St. Louis—The Treasurer of the Branch Mint to be Sub Treasurer, with an additional salary of $300 per annum.

The whole number of clerks allowed for all the Sub Treasuries, shall not exceed ten, and no one is to receive more than $800 per annum.

The first regular session of the Sub Treasury is to be held on the first Monday in December next, and the Secretary of the Treasury cannot withdraw the money from the vaults of the Banks, or from the Banks, for the purpose of placing it in any of the Sub Treasuries created by this act, until the 1st of January next.

On and after the 15th of May, all payments whatsoever to the United States must be made in gold or silver coin in gold and silver or Treasury notes. All disbursing officers having credits in banks may draw their checks in favor of their creditors after the 1st of January next—but after the 1st day of April next they are prohibited from making payments in any other manner than gold or silver or Treasury notes.

ARMY ANECDOTES.

For the following anecdotes we are indebted to the New Orleans Tropic:

A Wrought Horse.—For some days after the battle of Resaca de la Palma, there was tied to one of the Palmetto trees a beautiful horse, the property of the battle. He was an object of universal interest, and was owned by the men of the company to which he belonged, with the exception of the Colonel. He was a noble looking specimen of his kind, and seemed to understand exactly his honorable position as the favorite steed of the other horses. He attracted the attention bestowed upon him. A musket ball had struck his left ear, passed through it, cut off the face, and lodged behind the jaw. The wound was regularly dressed, and tied up with a white bandage, giving to the animal's head a most grotesque appearance.

Dogs in the Battles.—Very many of the officers attached to the army of occupation have remarkably fine dogs, principally of the pointer and setter species. After the battle of the 8th began and the firing became very severe, the dogs, remarkable for their intelligence, appeared to listen to the sound, and to look anxiously in the direction of the enemy, and then, evidently holding a consultation they started off at great speed for Point Isabel, and the dogs of the Artillery and Infantry followed the latter's example by the dogs of the Cavalry. The latter's example by the dogs of the Cavalry. The latter's example by the dogs of the Cavalry. The

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *James R. Smith, O. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dow, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Bowser.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson,* for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Congressional News.

The following is the message communicated confidentially by the President to the Senate in the early part of this month.

WASHINGTON, August 4, 1846.

To the Senate of the United States:

I herewith communicate to the Senate the copy of a letter, under date of the 27th ultimo, from the Secretary of State of the United States to the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Mexican Republic, again proposing to open negotiations and conclude a treaty of peace, which shall adjust all the questions in dispute between the two Republics. Considering the relative power of the two countries, the glorious events which have signalized our arms, and the distracted condition of Mexico, I did not conceive that any point of national honor could exist which ought to prevent me from making this overture. Equally anxious to terminate, by a peace honorable for both parties, as I was originally to avoid the existing war, I have deemed it my duty again to extend the olive branch to Mexico. Should the Government of that Republic accept the offer in the same friendly spirit by which it was dictated, negotiations will speedily commence for the conclusion of a treaty.

The rest of the message is substantially the same as that submitted to the House on the same subject and published in the Post last week.

The two following letters, in addition to the above, explains the part taken in the proposed negotiations by our government.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, July 27, 1846.

SIR: The President of the United States, no less anxious to terminate than he was to avoid the present unhappy war with the Mexican Republic, has determined to make an effort to accomplish this purpose. He has accordingly instructed the undersigned Secretary of State, to propose through your Excellency to the Mexican Government, that negotiations shall forthwith commence for the conclusion of a peace just and honorable for both parties. Should this offer be received and responded to by the Mexican Government in the same frank and friendly spirit by which it has been dictated, he will immediately dispatch an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the city of Mexico, with instructions and full powers to conclude a treaty of peace which shall adjust all the questions in dispute between the two Republics. If the Mexican Government should prefer to send a Minister to Washington to conclude the negotiation here, he shall be received with kindness and respect, and every effort shall be made to accomplish the object of his mission with the least possible delay.

In the present communication it is deemed useless, and might prove injurious, to discuss the causes of the existing war. This might tend to delay or defeat the restoration of peace. The past is already consigned to history; the future, under Providence, is within our power.

The occasion may, however, be embraced to state that the President has ever cherished the kindest feeling for Mexico, and that one of the first wishes of his heart is, that she may be a powerful and prosperous Republic, in perpetual amity with the United States.

Commodore Conner will transmit this despatch for your Excellency to the Governor of Vera Cruz, under a flag of truce, and you are respectfully invited to adopt the same channel for communicating your answer.

I avail myself of this occasion to offer your Excellency the assurance of my distinguished consideration, JAMES BUCHANAN.

To his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Mexican Republic.

Mr. Buchanan to Commodore Conner.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, July 27, 1846.

SIR:—I have the honor to transmit herewith a sealed note, addressed to the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Mexican Republic, with an open copy of the same for your own use. From this you will perceive that the President has determined again to offer the olive branch to Mexico.

The President does not believe that any point of national honor should forbid him from making this tender, especially after the glorious events which have thus far marked the progress of the war. Should the Mexican Government determine to accept the offer and enter upon negotiations, it may and probably will propose to you to conclude an armistice during their pendency. If such a proposition should be made, you will promptly but kindly reject it, giving at the same time every assurance that the President will do all in his power to bring the negotiations to a satisfactory termination with the least possible delay.

If an armistice were concluded, the two parties would not stand on an equal footing. The United States, at a heavy expense, now have armies in the field and navies on the ocean, in successful progress to conquer an honorable peace. Should their operations be arrested by an armistice, and the negotiations for peace should finally fail, we should then lose nearly all the advantages of an entire campaign. Besides, this sacrifice, great as it might be, would scarcely equal the evils in any form which a season of inactivity could not fail to inflict upon our troops, the greater portion of whom consist of patriotic citizens who have volunteered to serve their country, in the confidence that they should be actively employed. Whilst, therefore, the President sincerely desires with the utmost promptitude to restore our friendly relations with Mexico upon fair and liberal terms, the war must continue to be prosecuted with the utmost vigor, until a definite treaty of peace shall be signed and ratified by Mexico.

You will not fail, with all the despatch in your power, to transmit the answer of the Mexican Government to this Department.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JAMES BUCHANAN.

To Commodore David Conner, commanding the naval force of the United States in the Gulf of Mexico.

We are indebted to the Public Ledger for the following account of the debate in the Senate upon the receipt of the above documents.

On the 4th inst. they were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, in secret session, and on the 5th, Mr. McDuffie, from the Committee, reported two resolutions—one, that the course adopted by the President "for the speedy termination of the war with Mexico," receives the approbation of the Senate, and the other advising the appropriation of the sum asked. Several amendments were offered, and, after debate, the whole were recommitted to the Committee, which, on the 6th, reported the following:

1. Resolved, That the Senate entertain a strong desire that the existing war with Mexico should be terminated by a treaty of peace, just and honorable to both nations; and that the President be advised to adopt all proper measures for the attainment of that object.

2. Resolved further, That the Senate deem it advisable that Congress should appropriate a sum of money to enable the President to conclude a treaty of peace, limits and boundaries with the Republic of Mexico, and to be used by him in the event that such treaty should call for the expenditure of the money so appropriated, or any part thereof.

The Senate, by unanimous consent, proceeded to consider the said resolutions, and on the question to agree to the first resolution, it was determined in the affirmative—yeas 43, nays 2—Messrs. Atchison and Rusk.

On motion of Mr. Atchison to amend the second resolution, by inserting after the word "Mexico," the following words: "And for the purchase of the whole or part of Upper California."

It was determined in the negative, yeas 11, nays 35.

On motion of Mr. Pearce to amend the second resolution by adding thereto the following proviso:

Provided, That no part of the said sum of money shall be applied to the purchase of any part of California.

On motion of Mr. Semple to amend the proposed amendment, by adding thereto the words "until after the conclusion of a peace with Mexico."

It was determined in the negative.

On the motion to agree to the amendment proposed by Mr. Pearce, it was determined in the negative—yeas 7, nays 32.

Several other amendments were offered and rejected, when the second resolution was adopted by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Archer, Ashley, Atherton, Bagby, Benton, Breese, Bright, Calhoun, Cameron, Cass, Chalmers, Corwin, Crittenden, Dickinson, Dix, Evans, Fairfield, Houston, Johnson of Maryland, Johnson of Louisiana, Lewis, McDuffie, Mangum, Niles, Rusk, Sevier, Speight, Sturgeon, Turney, Webster, Westcott and Yulee—33.

Nays—Messrs. Atchison, Barrow, Berrien, Cilley, John M. Clayton, Davis, Greene, Hannegan, Huntington, Jarnagin, Miller, Morehead, Pearce, Phelps, Semple, Simmons, Upham and Woodbridge—18.

Our readers will remember, that the bill appropriating the sum asked for, passed the House, and was reported in the Senate, where it failed of a passage either from want of time or some other cause—some say the objection of the southern members to the amendment offered by Mr. Wilmot, prohibiting slavery in any territory to be hereafter acquired from Mexico, and others from the inflexible opposition of Mr. Davis, who had the floor, and "spoke against time." To which of these causes it was owing it is not our business to decide.

Political Intelligence.

THE ELECTIONS.

NORTH CAROLINA.—This State is no longer in doubt, as the returns indicate the election of Graham, the Whig candidate, by a majority of between 5,000 and 10,000. With regard to the Senate there is some slight doubt, though the indications are that it will be Whig by a majority of two, while the House will have a majority of nearly twenty for the same party.

KENTUCKY.—The Whigs have carried this State with their usual strength, except in two or three counties, where the Democrats have succeeded in gaining a member or two.

ILLINOIS AND MISSOURI.—The returns from these two States, as far as received, give decided evidence that the Democrats have carried them by their usual large majorities.

INDIANA.—Whitcomb, the Democratic candidate for Governor, has probably been elected by about one to two thousand majority. The Legislature, it is thought, will be Whig by a small majority on joint ballot, the Senate being Democratic and the House Whig.

Casualties.

PENITENTIARY DESTROYED.—The Penitentiary near Little Rock, Ark., was destroyed by fire on the 30th ult. All the prisoners were secured. The building was fired by some of the convicts to effect their liberty. One of the ringleaders attempted to rush out, knife in hand, but he was shot down and instantly killed by one of the prisoners, who had been employed as a guard for some time past.

☞ There was a terrific hail storm at Dixmont, Maine, last Thursday week. On the Wednesday afternoon previous the beautiful valley of the Kennebec River was visited by a destructive hail storm, which prostrated and cut up the grain crops to a great extent. In the town of Dresden it was so severe that in one portion of the town scarcely any glass was left remaining in the houses.

☞ John H. Wight, of Windsor, Me., a young man about nineteen years of age, was killed by lightning, on the 10th inst., while standing in the door of his father's house.

Items of News.

A COSTLY IMPLEMENT OF TRADE.—The trowel used by Prince Albert, in laying the corner stone for the new Sailor's Home, in Liverpool, is described in the Albion as being made of silver, coated with gold, and enriched with gold ornaments. Two drawings on the surfaces of the instrument, represented on one side her Majesty's steam yacht Fairy, and on the other, a view of the port of Liverpool. A most unworkmanlike weapon, truly!

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD.—The Richmond Whig learns that the Internal Improvement Convention, held a few days ago at Charlotte Court House, recommended the construction of a Railroad from Richmond to Danville. The contemplated route is the Black Heath coal pits. Mr. Jones, an intelligent engineer, resident in Amelia county, estimates the cost at $8,000 per mile, or $1,200,000 for the entire distance.

WHOOPING COUGH.—We are indebted to Mr. J. N. Brown, of our city, says the Baton Rouge Gazette, for the following recipe, which has been very successfully used in his family as a remedy for the whooping cough:

"Equal portions of linseed oil, honey and New England rum mixed together; give one table-spoonful every time the patient coughs—effects a cure in a few days."

SUDDEN DEATH.—A Miss Missouri Daniel, of Covington, Ky., was recently attacked with a hemorrhage of the lungs, and in fifteen minutes expired. She was sixteen years of age, was apparently in perfect health up to the moment of the attack, having prepared supper for visitors, and participated in the social pleasures of the evening with all the hilarity and buoyancy of spirits peculiar to her age.

FREE FROM LICENSE.—One of the minor acts of the session of Congress, declares that the canal boats and the persons employed on them, shall be free from license, enrolment, or register, from being libelled for wages, and further, that the men shall not be subject to contribute to the support of the Marine Hospital fund. They are, of course, exempt from the benefits of this fund when sick.

A CURIOUS ITEM IN A TRAVELLER'S BILL!—A Yankee pedlar put up at the house of a tavern keeper in one of the towns of this county a few days since, and after staying a day or two called for his bill. On looking over the items he found the following curious charges: To frightening chambermaid, $1 25; yesterday's lodging in bar-room, 25 cents.

BOSTON WATER WORKS.—Ground will be broken, says the Transcript, on the Long Pond Aqueduct at Framingham, on Thursday next, with some little ceremony, in the presence of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, of the city, with a few invited guests, among them the Selectmen of Brighton, Newton, Wayland and Framingham.

COPPER ORE FOR ENGLAND.—The St. Louis Republican of the 10th inst., informs us that six casks of cobalt, and three hundred and one casks of copper ore, were shipped on board the steamer North Alabama, at St. Mary's Landing, a few days ago, directed to London. These metals were obtained in Missouri, back of St. Mary's.

SHARK CATCHING.—The crew of the Rip Van Winkle, while lying at Aunt Rhody's anchorage, at Cape May, on Wednesday of last week, caught two sharks about nine feet long each. They were brought to the city and deposited on Smith's Island. They are not of the man eating tribe of sharks, but are said to be as innocent as sheep.

LIGHTNING VS. STEAM.—A curious specimen of the utility of the Telegraph enterprise occurred in New York, a day or two ago. A gentleman in Springfield, Mass., was robbed of $200, the robber immediately starting for New York. Within half an hour after his arrival in this city, the thief was arrested, and the money recovered.

☞ The exports of domestic cotton goods from Boston, for the month of June, were 4,126 bales and cases, and for July, 5,100, making a total for the two months of 9,586 bales and cases, against 7,212 for the corresponding months last year, showing an increase this year of 2,376 bales and cases.

MORTALITY IN BOSTON.—Sickness and death at the present time are considerably on the increase in Boston. The principal disease is a malignant kind of cholera morbus, caused probably by the peculiar state of the weather and the large quantity of unripe and stale fruit which is daily consumed.

GIRARD COLLEGE.—This immense and magnificent establishment, from present appearances, is in a fair way of being speedily finished. The workmen are progressing rapidly with the wall, and ere long the whole ground occupied by the buildings will be in a beautiful enclosure.

OBSTRUCTING THE TRACK.—A blacksmith named Joseph Eaton was discovered by the watch in the act of placing a box on the track of the Worcester Railroad, at the crossing in Kneeland street, Boston, on Saturday night last. He was arrested and committed to prison.

LATE FROM VERA CRUZ.—*The Princeton run in under the Guns of the Town.*—By an arrival at this city from Havana, on the 6th inst., intelligence has been received from Vera Cruz, to the 3d instant, brought by the war steamship Vesuvius. It was very sickly at Vera Cruz, there being three hundred on the sick list of the British and American squadron together. No news from shore. Commodore Conner had run the Princeton in under the guns of the town, and although they could plainly see that the batteries were manned, she was not fired upon. He afterwards learned that the garrison was in a state of mutiny, and would not obey orders.

MAIL ROBBERS SENTENCED.—James Brown, convicted at Columbus, Ohio, of robbing the mail, has been sentenced to ten years in the Penitentiary of that State. Totten, the stage driver between Xenia and Dayton, where the mail was robbed, was sentenced to six months. Brusman, the Postmaster at Little York, was sentenced to ten years for stealing one dollar from a letter.

LIMITED EDUCATION.—A Western candidate excused his want of education in a speech to the sovereigns, by declaring that he never went to school but three times, and then in the night—that on two of the nights the teacher did not attend, and on the third he had no candle.

☞ Rev. Wm. Burke, formerly and for many years a minister of the Catholic Church of St. Mary's, Charleston, but lately of the Church in Savannah, to which he was translated last year by Bishop Reynolds, died of fever at Savannah, on Wednesday week.

LARGE ROBBERY IN BOSTON.—On the night of the 10th inst., the house of Mr. Frederick Morang was broken open, and a mahogany portable desk, containing about four thousand dollars in bills of the Globe and New England Banks, Boston, were stolen.

PERFUME FOR CLOTHES.—Take an ounce of cloves, one of cedar, and one of rhubarb, pulverize and sprinkle them in a drawer or chest in which clothes are to be placed. It will prevent moths from injuring the clothes, and create an excellent scent.

TO LIGHT MATCHES IN DAMP WEATHER.—It may be useful to our readers, to know that matches, when too damp to be used in the ordinary way, can be readily ignited by rubbing them gently for a few seconds upon a piece of cork. This is true.

MORALS OF NEW ORLEANS.—The Bee calls the attention of the municipal authorities to the fact that abandoned females walk the streets at night in the very simplest attire imaginable—a transparent veil being the sum total of their costume.

EMIGRATION.—Nearly five hundred steerage passengers arrived at New York, on Tuesday week, in the Queen of the West, from Liverpool. Of these, one hundred and sixty were Prussians, *en route* to Ohio and Illinois, to settle.

☞ "Don't say beans to a volunteer," is a common phrase in New Orleans. The discharged soldiers consider a reference to their camp rations as an insult. They think they have earned something better than bean porridge.

☞ A few weeks since, Frederick Pitman, Esq., of Jackson county, Florida, was shot through the window, while sitting in his own house. The ball entered his forehead, blowing off the top of his head, killing him instantly.

A SINGULAR CASE.—Mrs. Louisa Disbrow has been arrested and committed to the jail in Batavia, for burning her husband's barn. It is said to have been her intention to burn the dwelling-house, and then destroy herself.

SLAVERY IN RUSSIA.—Letters from Warsaw, announce that the Emperor of Russia, on his last visit to the city, promulgated his determination to proclaim the abolition of slavery in all the provinces where it still exists.

☞ The Leroy Gazette mentions a case of a child of Mr. Curtis, residing near Fort Hill, who was strangled to death a few days since, by getting a small leaf in its mouth. The child was two or three years old.

☞ Dixon, who styles himself the General of an expedition to Yucatan, has reached New Orleans, where he is endeavoring to pass himself off as a lion—but the long ears will stick out through the lion's hide.

WOULDN'T HAVE IT.—A skipper arrived at Harwich, down East, last week, with a cargo of rum, but when the people heard of it they went *en masse* to the shore, and compelled him to leave the port!

☞ The Whig Convention for the State of New York, to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and two Canal Commissioners, is to assemble at Utica, on the 23d of September next.

☞ Mr. O'Connell, a respectable farmer of Fairfield township, Lycoming county, was killed in his well, on Thursday week. He was cleaning it out, when a bucket fell and crushed his head.

☞ The Van Buren (Arkansas) Intelligencer, of the 20th ult., says: The emigration to Texas has again commenced. Wagons were passing through the town daily with emigrants.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—The Washington Union says it is in contemplation to prosecute the survey of Lake Champlain, an appropriation having been made by Congress for that purpose.

☞ Governor Henderson, of Texas, who has been ill since his arrival on the Rio Grande, died a few days ago, as we learn from Washington. His death is generally lamented.

GEN. GAINES.—The result of the examination into the conduct of Gen. Gaines is favorable, it is said, to the old veteran, and a Court Martial will not be ordered.

COST OF THE TELEGRAPH.—The Telegraph Line from Baltimore to Boston, it is estimated, will be 515 miles in length, and will cost about $230 per mile.

CROPS OF ILLINOIS.—The Alton Telegraph states that the wheat crop all over the State of Illinois is good, and there is every indication of an abundant harvest.

☞ Some thirty steamboats on the Western waters are now lighted with gas, made by apparatus on board of each vessel, from the grease of the kitchen.

DELICATE WORK.—A Mr. Gillespie, at Pittsburgh, has engraved the Lord's Prayer and "The Ten Commandments," on one side of a 6¼ cent piece.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The Chicago papers announce the marriage of Mr. John Christopher Guntlefinger to Miss Kuntiguny Guntlefinger!

HIS SUCCESSOR.—It is rumored that Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina, is to succeed Mr. McLane as ambassador to England.

☞ The Cherokee Treaty, for settling the differences between the several tribes of the nation, has been substantially ratified.

FIRE.—The Great Western Distillery, situated between Waterloo and Seneca Falls, was destroyed by fire on Thursday week.

COUNTERFEIT GOLD.—A large amount of counterfeit gold coin is said to have made its appearance in the South and West.

GENERAL VEGA.—The St. Louis Evening Gazette says that General De Vega is about to visit Henry Clay, at Ashland.

☞ Six pounds of every hundred pounds of ore are claimed for taking it from the Lake Superior mineral region.

☞ The first bale of new cotton was received at New Orleans on the 7th inst., from Gov. McNutt's plantation.

TOUCH ABOVE THE VULGAR.—The table waiters at the New York hotels serve in white gloves.

☞ The Legislature of Maine adjourned on Monday last, after a session of ninety days.

CHILLS AND FEVER.—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world, for the cure of Intermittent Fever, because they excel all others in ridding the body of those morbid humors which are the cause, not only of all kinds of fevers, but of every malady incident to man. Four or five of said *Indian Vegetable Pills*, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time make a perfect cure of the most obstinate case of chills and fever; at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified, that fever and ague, or disease in any form, will be absolutely impossible.

CAUTION.—It should be remembered that Mr. Edward Cole, of Philadelphia, Mr. John Dickson, of Easton, Pa., and Messrs. Browning and Brothers, of Philadelphia, are not agents of ours, and as they purchase no Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills at *our office*, *we cannot guarantee any medicine they may have for sale.*

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the OFFICE and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 RACE STREET, Philadelphia.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 20.

FLOUR & MEAL.—The Flour market continues dull and inactive, and prices, since the decline in wheat, have receded 12½c per bbl. Sales of 2400 bbls fair and good brands fresh ground for export at $4,12½a4 per bbl; 400 bbls Brandywine at $4,25, and 600 half bbls at $4,50 per pair; sound old stock at $3,75, and Western at $3,79 per bbl. Sales for city use—sound old Western at $3,62½, 3,69a3,75, and Pa. at $3,75 to 4,19, for common and extra—Scraped at $3,50. Rye Flour—Limited sales at $2,75, 2,69 and $2,62½ per bbl. Corn Meal—Sales of 1400 bbls at $2,50a2,41, and Brandywine at $2,87½.

GRAIN—Wheat has declined 4½ per bushel. Sales of 13,000 bushels Pa. red at 87½a86c; some good new white at 88c; 1400 bushels new Southern red at 75 to 81 cts, as in quality. Some new Pa. red has been stored—only 78c being offered for it. We quote prime old red at 81a85c. Rye—No sales. Corn has declined. Sales of 8000 bushels Southern yellow at 56a55c, and since at 53c. White at 50c; a lot of round and flat mixed at 55½ cts. Oats—Arrivals very large. Sales of 20,000 bushels new Southern at 25a23c, and inferior 20a22c. Pa. 27a 25c. We quote 23a24c for good Southern.

PROVISIONS—Pork is dull of sale and prices are hardly supported. We quote $9,50a9,75 for Mess and $8 per bbl for prime, at which some 3a400 barrels have changed hands. Bacon—Moderate; sales of Hams in fair and prime order at 5a5½, and covered 5½a8¢c; Sides 5½a6c, and Shoulders 3¼a3½c per lb. Lard is held at 6½ a6¾ cts in kegs and 6½a6¾ in bbls, the latter are scarce. Butter—Sales of Western at 8¢c. Cheese is scarce; a sale of 1a200 boxes shipping at 9c per lb. Common we quote at 7¼a8c.

AMERICAN COTTON & WOOLLEN GOODS—The job houses engaged in the Western trade are doing a moderate business. The assortment of Dry Goods are very complete and varied, and prices rule extremely low.

ASHES—Pot Ashes are very dull of sale at $3,50 per 100 lbs.

BARK—Sales of 25a30 hhds Quercitron Bark at $24 per ton for 1st quality. Spanish Oak at $12a14, and Peach Oak $7 per cord.

BEESWAX—No sales of any magnitude. We quote Yellow at 26½a27c per lb.

CANDLES—Sperm are in limited demand at 26a27c per lb, on time.

COAL—The market continues quiet and prices without variation. Large sales of red ash Schuylkill lump Coal at $4, and broken at $4,25 per ton, white ash lump is held at $4; and broken $4,12½a4,25, but no sales of any consequence. Lehigh lump $4 12½, and broken $4,25. Sales of 3 cargoes Bituminous Coal at 15c per bushel.

The receipts of Coal from the different regions this season to the latest dates, have been—

Schuylkill region	to Aug. 13th,	698,973	tons.
Lehigh, "	to Aug. 11th,	276,373	"
Wyoming, "	to July 1st,	34,680	"
Lackawana, "	to July 18th,	116,766	"
Total,		1,126,822	"

Selected Poetry.

THE LYRIC OF LIFE.
THE FATHER IS COMING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The clock is on the stroke of six;
The father's hook is done;
He lays the hook and shovel down,
And put the bottle on!
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart is in no worse;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew!

He makes all toil, all hardship, light;—
Would all ones were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
—Fellas need not be unkind, forsure,
For love doth reuline still their fare!

—Busy, do not chase the shorter, child,
For far along the hour
The little weather looks, and he
Can see it coming place;
I've heard him say he loves to watch
The cheerful fire light through the dark;
And well he's all the father like!
His wishes are so few—
Would they were more! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way!

—I know he's coming by this sign
That baby's almost still;
See how he bright, and crows, and stares,
Heaven bless the merry child!
He mother's self is fine, they said!
And father's heart is strong in him!

Hark! lork! I hear his footsteps now—
He's through the garden gate!
Run little Rose and ope the door,
And do not let him wait!
Shout, baby, shout! and clasp thy hand,
For father on the threshold stands

For the Ladies.

THE YOUNG COUPLE.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

There is to be a wedding this morning at the cotter house in Cliff-street. The pastry-cooks people have been there half a dozen times already; all day yesterday there was a great stir and bustle, and they were up this morning so soon as it was light. Miss Emma Fielding is going to be married to young Mr. Harvey.

Heaven alone can tell in what bright colors this marriage is painted upon the mind of the little housemaid at number six, who has hardly slept a wink all night with thinking of it, and now stands on the unswept doorstep leaning upon her broom, and looking straight towards the enchanted house.—Nothing short of omnipotence can divine what visions of the baker, or the green-grocer, or the smart and most accounting betterman, are flitting across her mind—what thoughts or how she would dress on such an occasion, if she were a lady—or how she would dress if she were only a bride—if here each would dress, being bridesmaid, conjointly with her sister "in place" at Falkam, and into the evergreen, deeming them so many ladies, would be quite humbled and respectful. What day dreams! what hopes and happiness—for life being one perpetual holiday, with no master and no mistress to grant or withhold them—if every Sunday being a Sunday not —not even Sundays as to curls and ringlets, and no obligation to hide fine hands or hair in caps—what pictures of happiness vast and immense to her, but utterly ridiculous to us, bewilder the brain of the little housemaid at number six, all called into existence by the wedding at the corner!

We smile at such things, and so we should though perhaps for a better reason than commonly presents itself. It should be pleasant to us to know that there are notions of happiness, so moderate and limited, since upon those who entertain them, happiness and lightness of heart are very easily bestowed.

But the little housemaid is awakened from her reverie, not far from the door of the magical manor house, there runs towards her, all fluttering in exact new dress and streaming ribbons, her friend Jane Adams, who comes, all out of breath to be—been a solemn promise of taking her in, under cover of the confusion, to see the bridesmaid table spread forth in state, and sight! of sights!!—her young mistress ready dressed for church.

And then, and then! such, when they have stolen up stairs on tip-toe and edged themselves in at the chamber door—there in Miss Emma "looking like the sweetest picture," in a white chip bonnet and orange flower, and all other elegancies becoming a bride, (with the make, shape and quality of every article of which the girl is perfectly familiar in one moment and never forgets to her dying day)—and there is Miss Emma's mamma in tears, and Miss Emma's papa comforting her, and saying that of course she has been long looking forward to this and how happy she ought to be—and there, too, is Miss Emma's sister with her arms round her neck, and the other bridesmaid all smiles and tears quieting the children, who already cry more only that they see so finely dressed, and yet ask for fear sister Emma should be taken away—and it is all so affecting that the two servant girls cry more than anybody; and Jane Adams, sitting down upon the stairs, when they have crept away, declares that her legs trem ble so that she don't know what to do, and that she will say for Miss Emma, that she never had a handsomer gown her, and that she sure hope and pray she may be happy.

But Jane soon comes around again, and then sure is there never was anything like the breakfast table glittering with plate and china, and set out with flowers and sweets, and long necked bottles, in the most sumptuous and dazzling manner. In the centre, as the mighty charm—the cake, glistening with frosty sugar and garnished beautifully. They agree that there ought to be a Cupid cooked out of the barley sugar temples, or at least two hearts and an arrow; but with the exception there is nothing to wish for and a table could not be better done. As they arrive at this conclusion who should come in but Mr. Jukin! to whom Jane says—knows—for he has often winked his eye down the window which causes Anne to blush and look confused. She is going away indeed; when Mr. Jukin will have it that she must drink a glass of wine, and he says never mind if it being early in the morning, it won't hurt her; so they shut the door and pour out the wine; and Anne drinking Jane's health, and adding, "here's wishing you joy, Mr. John," thinks it is a great many times Mr. John all the time making jokes appropriate to the occasion. At last, Mr. Jukin, who has waiter holder by degrees, pleads the usage at weddings, and claims the privilege of a kiss which he salutes after a great scuffle, and footsteps being now heard on the stairs, they disperse suddenly.

By this time a carriage has driven up to convey the bride in church, and Anne of number six, perhaps the greatest of "cleaning the door" has the relative case of beholding the bride and bride maids and the page and mamma hurry into the same carriage regardless of size in that all, for once other carriages begin to arrive with a pair of company all beautifully dressed, at when she could stand no more downstairs, and having something else to do, is compelled to take one last long look, and shut the street door.

And now the company have gone down to break fast, and tears have given place to smiles, for all the cetics are out of the long cooked bottles, and their contents are disappearing largely. Miss Emma sits papa is at the top of the table, Miss Emma's mamma at the bottom; and beside the latter are Miss Emma's sister and her husband—admitted on all hands to be the handsomest and most interesting young couple in company. All down both sides of the table, too, are various young gentlemen who seem to think so, and there, in a post of honor, is an unmarried aunt of Miss Emma's, reputed to possess unheard of riches, and to have expressed vast testamentary intentions respecting her favorite niece, and accordingly. This lady has been very liberal and generous already, as the presents upon by the bride abundantly testify; but that is nothing to what she means to do or even to what she has done, for she put herself in close communication with the dressmaker three months ago, and prepared a wardrobe (with some articles worked by her own hands) fit for a Princess. People may call her an old maid, and so she may be, but she is neither cross nor ugly for all that; on the contrary she is very cheerful and pleasant looking, and very kind and tender hearted; which is no matter of surprise except to those who yield to popular prejudices without thinking why, and will never grow wiser and never know better.

Of all the company though, none are more pleasant to behold, or better pleased with themselves than two young children, who, in honor of the day, have seats among the guests. Of these, one is little fellow of six or eight years old, brother to the bride,—and the other a girl of the same age, an exceedingly brilliant, and pretty little child. The real bride and bridegroom are not more devoted than they: he all love and attention, and she all kindness and fondness, playing with a little shuttle which he gave her this morning, and placing the scattered rose leaves in her bosom with nature's own coquettishness. They love, these children, and their little hearts have been nearly broken when the absence one has been disgraced in girl. When will there come in after life a passion so earnest, gracious, and true as theirs; what, even in its gentlest qualities; can have the grace and charm that hovers round such fairy loves?

By this time the merriment and happiness of the feast have gained their height; certain animation looks begin to be exchanged between the bridesmaids, and something it gets whispered about that the carriage which is in the street for the young couple in the country has arrived. Such members of the party as are most disposed to peeping go to negative ends, affect to consider this a false alarm; but it turns out too true, being speedily confirmed, first, by the retirement of the bride and bridegroom to their chamber to make preparation for the journey; and secondly, by the withdrawal of the ladies generally. To this there ensues a particularly awkward pause, in which every body essays to be facetious, and nobody succeeds. At length the bridegroom makes a mysterious disappearance in obedience to some equally mysterious signal; and the table is deserted.

Now, for at least an hour, works last past; it has been solemnly devised and settled that the young couple should go away in secret; but they no sooner appear without the door than the drawing room windows are blockaded up with ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the dining room panes with gentlemen's faces pressed in which in every part testify of expression. The hall and steps are crowded with servants in white favors, mixed up with particular friends and relations, who have darted over for any good byes; and foremost in the group are the tiny lovers now in arm, thinking, with fluttering hearts, what happiness it would be to dash away together in that gallant coach and never part again.

The bride has hardly time for one hurried glance at her old home, when the steps rattle, the door slams, the horses clatter on the pavement, and they have left it far away.

A knot of woman servants still remain clustered in the hall, wondering among themselves as to there, of course, is Anne from number six, who has made another escape, on some plea or other, and been an admiring witness of the departure. There are two points on which Anne expatiates over and over again, without the smallest appearance of fatigue or exhaustion to leave off; one is that she "never saw in all her life such a—Oh!—such a bauget of a gentleman as Mr. Harvey." And the other is that "can't tell how it is but it don't seem a bit like a work-day, or a Sunday neither—it's all so unsettled and irregular."

Salmagundi.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Wales is a country abounding in legendary fiction, and many of them are of course connected with the original of the Satanic Majesty. One of these, explanatory of the building of the devil's bridge, on the road to Aberystwith, is a gem in its way. We extract it from the "Wanderings and Ponderings of an Insect Hunter."

Once upon a time, an old woman had a favorite black cow, that used quietly all day and night on the Cum Tudder mountains, and came home every morning and every evening to her mistress to be milked. Now it happened one evening that the cow came not home; so the old woman was much troubled, and she wailed, and wailed, but no cow coming, being the cow would not come of herself, the old lady went to fetch her, and walked up the mountain and down the mountain till she came to the place where Mynach flows between two high rocks, and there she saw her cow on the other side of the river. Presently she saw a man in conversation and bowing for she knew that the cow could not come to her, and she could not go to the cow. There was a way of crossing the river, and it was a day's journey to go round about. In this strait the devil appeared to her.

"You, sir," said the devil, "you've lost your cow old lady, have you? Well, never mind—I'll build you a bridge over the river, and you shall cross it to fetch her home your cow, if you like."

"Thankee, sir," said the old woman, "thankee kindly; first time you've done a good turn for the curtisied very low, and made obeisance with great humility.

"I'll be sure I will," says the Devil, "to be sure I will; and he cast a look at her out of the corner of his eye. "To be sure I will; but the cow's worth something; I must make a bargain for full. Keep that dog quiet, can't you?"

Now the Devil said this about the dog, because the old woman had a little dog with her, and that heisted up his mane, and kept on growling and barking at Lucifer.

"Harkee, old girl, if I build you a bridge, I'll have the first cross it. Is it a bargain?"

The old woman was very perplexed when she heard this; if she went over for the cow she knew very well she had sold herself to the Devil, and if the best expedite I lost. But then she lost the cow, a lucky thought came to her, that she might save both herself and the cow—at any rate she would try.

"Bridge, or no bridge?" said the Devil. "Bridge, old girl, bridge, or no bridge?"

"Build the bridge, sir, if 'pon please," said the old woman; and she made a very respectful obeisance.

"Ay, ay," said the Devil, "it's very easy to say build the bridge, but do you agree to the toll?"

"Toll, sir?" said the old woman.

With that the Devil put both his fore fingers into his mouth, and gave such a shrill whistle that the Cumbers' Quarrel, and the Cumbers' Coom, and all owls left their hiding places and flew about not knowing where they went; and one struck against a tree and fell dead on the spot; and the owls left their hiding places and flew about not knowing where they went; and one struck against a tree and fell dead on the spot; and the others, and were carried away by the rushing whirlwind. The trees were scared their branches. Although there was not a breath of air. But though there was not a breath of air, the Devil raised a wind by his single, sure enough, and the Devil was long in the river and the old woman was in the passage. The sea-bread, which constituted the principal article of food for his men, was made of the best superfine flour. But then she lost the cow, a lucky thought came to her, that she might save both herself and the cow—at any rate she would try.

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